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accomplished during the

Past Two Months

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We have effected a consolidation of our two offices by moving our Tin and Plumbing establishment to the corner of 17th street and Canton road, where our yard and mill are located. This will enable us to conduct the business with still greater facility.

**Hopkinsville - Lumber
Company.**

Incorporated.

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DEERING

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Binders, Mowers, Rakes.

The praise of satisfied users throughout the agricultural world has made the name of DEERING so well known that it hardly seems necessary to dwell at great length upon the merits of the Deering machines. For those however, who have not had the pleasure and satisfaction of using this machine will say they run lighter, last longer and make more happy farmers than anything of its kind wherever grass and grain are grown. See them on exhibit, or phone or write the Planters Hardware Co., incorporated, for prices and full particulars.

Deering Binder Twine

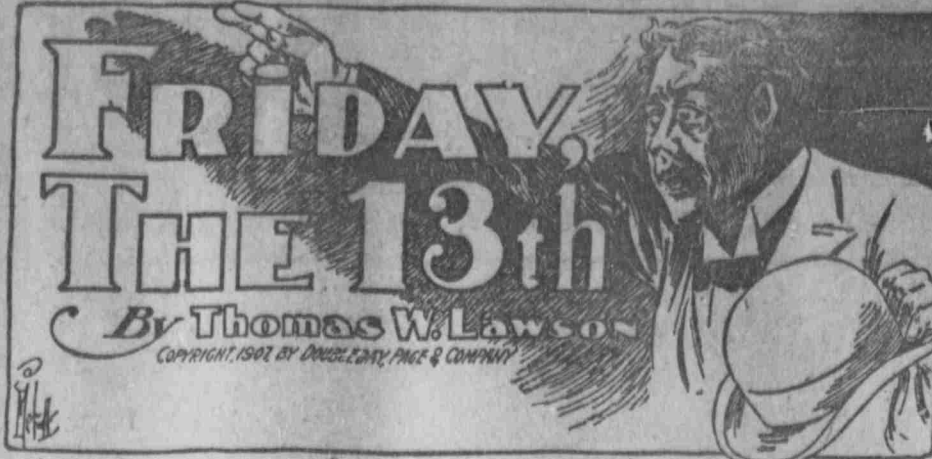
Another thing that makes the farmer happy is TWINE that will work in all makes and kind of binders, one that runs even, and the long, smooth and strong, made of the best of manila and sisal fibre the world affords. Give us your order for your Machines and Twine. Have your wagons loaded with anything in our line.

Planters Hardware Co.

Incorporated.

South Main St. Hopkinsville, Ky.

Continued from Last Issue



The following afternoon the letter came. It showed Judge Sands in a very nervous, uneasy state. He said he had been living a life of daily terror, as some of his friends, for whose estates he was trustee, had been receiving anonymous letters, advising them to look into the judge's trust affairs; that the Reinhart crowd had been using renewed pressure to make him let go all his Seaboard stock, which they wanted to secure at the low prices to which they had depressed it, in order that they might reorganize and carry out the scheme they had been so long planning. Judge Sands went on to say that the day he was compelled to sell his Seaboard stock he would have to make public an announcement of his condition, as there could be no sale without the court's consent. His closing was:

My dear daughter, no one knows better than I the almost hopelessness of expecting any relief from your operations. But so hopeless have I become of late, so much am I reliant upon you, my dear child, and eternal hope so springs in all of us when confronted with great necessities, that I have hoped and still hope that you are to be the savior of your family; that you, only a frail child, are through God's marvellous workings to be the one to save the honor of that name we both love more than life; the one to keep the wolf of poverty from that door through which so far has come nothing but the sunshine of prosperity and happiness; the one, my dear Beulah, who is to save your old father from a dishonored grave. Dear child, forgive me for placing upon your weak shoulders the additional burden of knowing I am now helpless and compelled to rely absolutely upon you. After you have read my letter, if there is no hope, I command you to tell me so at once, for although I am now financially and almost mentally helpless, I am still a Sands, and there has never yet been one of the name who shirked his duty, however stern and painful it might be.

When I handed the letter back to Miss Sands, she said:

"Mr. Randolph, let me tell you and Mr. Brownley a little about my father and our home, that you may see our situation as it is. My father is one of the noblest men that ever lived. I am not the only one who says that—if you were to ask the people of our state to name the one man who had done most for the state as a state, most for her progressive betterment, most for her people high and low, white and black, they would answer, 'Judge Lee Sands.' He has been, and is, the idol of our people. After he was graduated from Harvard, he entered the law office of my grandfather, Senator Robert Lee Sands. Before he was 30 he was in congress and was even then reputed the greatest orator of our state, where orators are so plentiful. He married my mother, his second cousin, Julia Lee, of Richmond, at 25, and from then until the attack of that ruthless money shark, led a life such as a true man would map out for himself if his Maker granted him the privilege. You would have to visit at our home to appreciate my father's character and to understand how terrible this sorrow is to him. Every morning of his life he spends an hour after breakfast with my dear mother, who is a cripple from hip disease. He takes her in his arms and brings her down from her room to the library as if she were a child. He then reads to her—and he knows good books as well as he knows his friends. After he takes mother back to her room, he gives an hour to our people, the blacks of the plantation and his white tenants throughout the county. He is a father to them all. He settles all their troubles, big and little. Then for hours he and I go over his business affairs. Every afternoon from four to five he devotes to his estates and the men and women for whom he acts as trustees. He has often said to me: 'We have a clear million of money and property, and that is all any man should have in America. It is all he is entitled to under our form of government. Any more than that an honest man should in one way or another return to the people from whom he has taken it. I never want my family to have more than a million dollars.' When he went into the Seaboard affair, he explained to me that it was to assist the Wilsons—they were old friends, and he acted as their solicitor for years—in building up the south. He discussed with me the right and advisability of putting in the trust funds. He said he considered it his duty to employ them as he did his own in enterprises that would aid the whole people of the south, instead of sending them to the north to be used in Wall street as baiting for the 'System' grinder. These fortunes were made in the south by men who loved their section of the country more than they did wealth, and why should they not be employed to benefit that part of the country which their makers and owners loved? I remember vividly how perplexed he was when, at the beginning, the Wilsons would show him that the investments were returning unusually large profits.

"It is not right, Beulah," he said to me one morning after receiving a letter from Baltimore to the effect that Seaboard stock and bonds had advanced until his investment showed over 50 per cent profit. It is not right for us to make this money. No man in America should make over legal rates of interest and a fair profit on an investment, that is, an investment

or capital pure and simple, particularly in a transportation company, where every dollar of profit comes from the people who patronize the lines. I have worked it out on every side, and it is not right; it would not be legal if the people, who make the laws for their own betterment, understood their affairs as they should."

"He was always writing to the Wilsons to conduct the affairs of the Seaboard so that there would be remaining each day only profits enough to keep the road up and the wharves in good condition and to pay the annual interest and a fair dividend. And when the Wilsons came to our house to lay before him the offer of Reinhart and his fellow plunderers to pay enormous profits for the control of the seaboard, he was indignant and argued with them that the offer was an insult to honest men. It was he who advised the trusteeship control of the Seaboard stock to prevent Reinhart from securing control. I sat in the library when he talked to the elder Wilson and the directors.

"He appealed directly to John Wilson to make an effort to stop the growing tendency to use the people as pawns to enslave themselves and their children. He said some man of undoubted probity, standing, and wealth, some one whom the people trusted, must start the fight against these New York fiends, whose only thought is to roll up wealth. And he told John Wilson he was the man, since he had great wealth, honestly got by his father and grandfather; no one would accuse him of being a hypocrite, seeking notoriety, and his standing in the financial world was so old and solid that it would have to listen to him. I remember how emphatically father said: 'Tell you, John, even the discussion of such a proposition as that scoundrel Rein-

father. I could not tell him a lie even to save his life. It would be impossible. My father abhors a lie. He believes a man or woman who would lie the lowest of the low things on earth. When I go back to my father he will say: 'Tell me what you have done.' I can just see him now, standing between the big white pillars at the end of the driveway. I can hear him saying calmly: 'Beulah, my daughter, welcome. Your mother is waiting for you in her room. Do not lose a moment getting to her.' Afterward he'll take me over the plantation to show me all the familiar things, and not one word will he allow me to say about our affairs until dinner is over, until the neighbors have left, for no Sands returns from long absence without a fitting home welcome. When I have said good night to mother and sister and he has drawn up my rocker in front of his big chair in the library alcove and I've lighted his cigar for him, he will look me in the eye and say: 'Daughter, tell me what you have done.' I would no more think of holding anything back than I would of stabbing him to the heart. No, Mr. Randolph, there is no possibility of relief except in fairly using that \$30,000 and fairly winning back what Wall street has stolen from father. Even that will cause both of us many twinges of conscience, and anything more is impossible. If this cannot be done, father must, all of us must, pay the penalty of Reinhart's ruthless act."

Bob had listened, but made no comment until she was through; then he said: "It looks to me as though the market is shaping up so that we may be able to do something soon." It was evident to both of us that he had some plan in mind.

Later we learned that that night Beulah wrote her father a long letter, telling him what she had done; that she had made almost two millions profit from her operations; that they had been lost, and that the outlook was not reassuring. She begged him to prepare himself for the final calamity; promising that if there were no change for the better by December 1, she would come home to be with him when the blow fell. She begged him to prepare to meet it like a Sands, and assure him that if worse came to worst she would earn enough to keep poverty away. Judge Sands would receive this letter the second day following, Friday, the 13th day of November. My God! how well I know the date. It is seared into my brain as though with a white-hot iron.



"Mr. Randolph, I Could Not Tell My Father a Lie Even to Save His Life."

hark makes is degrading to an American's honor." He said it didn't make the least difference if Reinhart counted his millions by the score, and was director in 30 or 40 great institutions, and gave a fortune every year for charity to the church—that he was a blackleg just the same. And so is any man, he said, who dares to say he will take the stock of a transportation company, which represents a certain amount of money invested and double or multiply it by five and ten, simply because he can compel people to pay exorbitant fares and freight rates and so get profits on this fraudulently increased capital.

"It was the decision arrived at by father and the Wilsons at this meeting, a decision to refuse in any circumstances to allow our southern people to be bled by the Wall street 'system,' that started Reinhart and his dollar-fiends on the war-path. You can see from what I tell you of my father the terrible condition he is in now. At night, when I get to

thinking of him, hoping against hope, with no one to help him, no one with whom he can talk over his affairs, when I think of his nobleness in devoting his time to mother and by sheer will-power concealing from her his awful suffering, it nearly drives me mad."

"Miss Sands, why will you not let me lend you the money necessary to tide your father over for awhile?" I asked.

"You are so good," Mr. Randolph, "but you don't quite understand my father in spite of what I have said. He would not relieve his suffering at the expense of another, not if it were a hundred times more acute. You cannot understand the old-fashioned, deep-rooted pride of the Sands."

"But can you not, at least temporarily disguise from him just how you have arranged the relief?"

Her big blue eyes stared at me in bewilderment.

"Mr. Randolph, I could not deceive

(CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE)

A Significant Prayer.

"May the Lord help you make Bucklen's Arnica Salve known to all," writes J. G. Jenkins, of Chapel Hill, N. C. It quickly took the pain out of a felon for me and cured it in a wonderfully short time. Best on earth for sores, burns and wounds. 25c at R. C. Hardwick's drug store.

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will be a market to receive it. It is unfortunate that there is levilment being done by somebody or the credit or discredit of the association. It is not at all unlikely that this is being done by parties outside the association, thereby seeking to break down the influence and stop the growth of the organization. It is gratifying to know that the officers and leaders have everywhere and on every hand denounced such practice in strongest terms. I believe that the association is bringing relief to an oppressed people, and I predict that it will grow until it is recognized everywhere as one of the leading business concerns of this or any other country.

Sardis, Miss. J. A. McCORD.

Ham sacks for sale at Kentuckian office.